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CONJECTURES
ON THE
TYNDARIS
OF
HORACE,
AND
SOME OTHER OF HIS PIECES;
WITH A
POSTSCRIPT.

BY
JOHN WHITFIELD, A.M.
RECTOR OF BIDEFORD, DEVON.

*Quale per incertam lunam, sub luce maligna,
Est iter in silvis.——*

VIRGIL.

E X E T E R:
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CONJECTURES

ON THE

TYNDAL'S

OF

HORACE

SOME OTHER OF HIS PIECES



POSTSCRIPT

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JOHN TYNDAL

EDITOR OF THE LONDON REVIEW

THE LONDON REVIEW

VIRGIL

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S O M E
C O N J E C T U R E S
U P O N
H O R A C E ' S T Y N D A R I S .

ON E would wish every cloud removed from so fine, and so favourite a Writer as *Horace*. That this is not yet done, a common eye may perceive. Perhaps, the truest lights, to be thrown upon *Horace*, would arise from the casual, sudden surmises of different persons, on different readings. A perpetual comment must be unequal; must jade and tire in the parts: and if *Horace*, at this day, could hold one dialogue with his profest Interpreters, as *Lucian* makes *Homer*, it would certainly be worth hearing. In earnest; *Horace* still suffers under the ablest hands; and must always suffer, wherever he is misunderstood.

M. Dacier

M. *Dacier* has made two different efforts, to clear *tenaci gramine* in the second Epode ; and hath failed, I think, in both of them. His Version gives us *Gaçon verde* ; which is saying nothing ; but his notes explain it by *fort attaché à la terre*. *Père Sanadon* supposes it expressed by *inexsuperabile gramen* ; and gravely cites *Ovid* for it. But *Horace*'s manner is totally different from hasty *Ovid* ; nor can ever be judged of, from him. In the present case, *Horace*, glancing over, at one view, all the Derivatives from the same Theme, gives us *tenax* for *continuus*. This is a manner, peculiar to *Horace* ; scarce met with in any other writer ; unless perhaps *Shakespeare*.

Horace suffers, even where, in the main, he seems to be understood : but not in the full extent of his own sense and intention. I think I can shew pretty plainly, that the celebrated piece, *O navis referent*, is to this day under a cloud : and that its very finest circumstance has been overlook'd from *Quintilian* to Bishop *Warburton* ; but at present slighter instances shall suffice.

In the second Epode, spoken of before, towards the close, we have this line,

Pos-

Positosque vernas, ditis examen Domus ;

Here the metaphor in *Examen* cannot be mistaken; but is this all that is remarkable in the line? No certainly; *Horace* intended a good deal more. *Verna* means any rise, or growth of the Spring; *animal* or vegetable. *Verno*, among other senses, signifies to swarm as Bees do. By *positos*, *Horace* intends the pitching of the Bees; and thus extending his Metaphor he throws its light back upon the opening of the line: where both the words have a double sense, and second-meaning. But to come nearer to the present purpose.

Vitrea Circe has had various senses found out for it; *Monf. Dacier*, I think, mentions four or five of them. It occurs in a piece address'd to *Tyndaris*: But who is *Tyndaris*? A Writer, it seems, of Lyric Poetry, - - -

- - - - - *Fide Teia*
Dices, laborantes in uno,
Penelopen, vitreamque Circen.

ODE XIII.^{ma} LIB. I.^{ma}

9x

One of the Interpreters, I forget which, observes here, that *Horace* proposes proper Subjects, to engage Her to write. It is rather more likely, that by *Dices*, *Horace* means, *you have written*. He had been shewn some Piece of Hers, where in her own tongue, which was the Greek, *Tyndaris* had applied to *Circe* some word or other equivalent to *Vitrea*. Now, whatever he thought of *the word*, it was the height of good Breeding in him to adopt it; and to return it to Her again; As the University politely return'd *Fæminilis* to Queen *Elisabeth*, when there was no such word in the Latin world: And this attention, with other circumstances, make us wish to know a little more of *Tyndaris*.

She passes with the Interpreters, they do not tell us upon what grounds, for a Daughter of *Gratidia*. But this is unlikely; because *Gratidia* is a Roman Name; whereas *Tyndaris* was a Foreigner; and so was her surely consort *Cyrus*, a Foreigner. *Tyndaris* was a Thracian; She was by Condition a Liberta; but of Substance; and came to Rome in the Retinue, I suppose, One of the Train of *Rhæmetalces* King of Thrace. She probably staid in Rome, and resided there; and was known at the Palace there; She certainly received a distinguishing

distinguishing mark of favour from thence; and we see, She is addrest by *Horace*. These particulars, opening by degrees, are not altogether, and quite, imaginary; as will appear immediately.

About six years ago, an Inscription, from *Fabretti*, was republished at *Rome*; and its genuineness defended against *Maffei*; which Inscription runs in these words;

IVLIA. TYNDARIS
C. IVLI. REGIS
RHOEMETALCAES. L.
FECIT. SIBI. ET. SVIS. ET
LIBERTIS. LIBERTABVS
POSTERISQVE. EORVM
IN. FR. P. XII. IN. AGRO. P. XII.

Why should not this be the *Tyndaris* of *Horace*? let us see.

Rhæmetalces, I mean the elder, was a publick Ally of *Rome*; was once a Friend of *Brutus*; and after that, a Dependant on *Augustus*. *Rhæmetalces* was probably often at *Rome*, like other Princes upon business; particularly to solicit the march of the Troops under *Lollius* in 738. *Rhæmetalces* struck a fine *Greek Coin* in honour of *Augustus*; presenting *their Heads*

Heads on each side; and the Emperor's known, favourite, Symbol, *The Capricorn*, upon it: And He accepted from *Augustus an Adoption into the Julian Family*; for we see Him called CAIVS IVLIVS RHOE-METALCES on the Marble.

Now it is not unlikely, *that some of his train partook*, on that occasion, the same Honour and Privilege; and in particular, *as appears by her Name*, IVLIA TYNDARIS; his *Thracian minstrel*; who had followed his Court from the borders of the *Strymon*, to the banks of the *Tiber*.

Further, A fine Greek Sapphic is come down to us, to be seen in the Collections, particularly that of Bishop *Lowth*, in 59; and in *Lipsius*; which begins thus,

Χαίρε μοι Πάμνη θυγάτηρ Ἀρχος.

This Ode pleased *Lipsius* so much, that he has given us a spirited Version of it in his first Book, towards the beginning, *De magnitudine Romanâ*. He ascribes it, *like others*, to *Erinna*. But he sees clearly its Subject; which *others leave doubtful*. He cites it in course, as address to the *City of Rome*; and he judges it, *by the Stile*, to have been written, *in Pompey's time*

time, or thereabout. Now we have no *Erinna* of that age, according to the elder *Vossius*. *Ursinus* did not receive this Ode among the pieces of *Erinna*, as *Fabrizius* has particularly observed. What then, if we should agree with *Ursinus*; and suppose there had been some mistake as to the *Writer*? and, since there were several *Erinnas*, what if this Ode has been given hastily to one of them, while it really belonged to some other person? *All this is possible*. And then who so fit to put in her claim, after long dispossession, as *Horace's Tyndaris*? The time, assigned by *Lipsius*, agrees sufficiently; *Tyndaris* had many calls to celebrate *Rome*; she was a Denizen of *Rome*; resided, and was settled in *Rome*; was engrafted into the first Family of that City; and admitted to the friendship of its very finest *Writer*; who then so likely as *Tyndaris* to break out

Χαίρε μοι Πόλις?

And if she was also *Horace's Thressa Chloë*,

Dulces docta Modos, et Citharæ sciens; which is highly probable; and his *Chloë Sithonia*, of another piece; and likewise his *Venus Marina*, his lovely voyager, to whom, with huge complaisance,

C

he

he consecrates his Harp? And if the lively *Le Fevre**
had been visited with these Visions would they have
passed before him without one sprightly fally?---
 perhaps of this sort,

Surge post longam recidiva noctem !
Cyrrha quam fovit, vigilemque sæpe
Aoniam cinxit Chorus, O nivali
Hospes ab Hæmo !

Te die fausto, ac Citharam sonantem
Abstrahit lætho Venusinus Ipse :
Te suam fixit Tiberis, nec Hebro
Invidet Orpheum !

And now let us look back, once again, to the
Inscription. It is *Roman*, and so a sign of *Tyndaris's*
 attachment ; it is *sepulchral*, and so some proof of
 Family residence ; it is *one of the Inscriptions* that give
 the cast in favour of the Marbles, against Coins.---
 For where, on a *Medal*, should we have met the
 name of *Tyndaris* ? but here it survives, on this
 Marble ;

* See his Epistle to *Borelli*, upon restoring the lost *Aean*, the Colchian King, to
 life ; how mainly he triumphs !

Scilicet ex imo redivivum sistimus Orco.

Marble; which still sheds a light upon *this Muse of Thrace*, and *her old Sweet-heart of Tivoli*.---But I exceed,---all I meant was to shew, *something is yet wanting to Horace*.

(11)

T H E
S E C O N D P A P E R.

I Have said Horace suffers by his Intrepreters. It is presumption, I know, to talk thus, and therefore here offer a few samples, to qualify and excuse it. The Pieces are well known ; two of them are of the flighter kind ; but each throwing a light upon this point. They will likewise shew, that Horace's peculiar is that perpetual Gaiety ; so that Scaliger, in his comprehensive manner views Horace in the same line with *Aristophanes* : and wherever this mark is unperceived, there the Editors are sure to mistake.

The first Epode is not without this mark ; but none having sought it there, the piece receives a different colour from what belongs to it. The Titles likewise, in general, hurt Horace : but if we must have one, I think the Title to *the first Epode* should be something like this,

Horace to Mæcenæ.

Upon

*Upon the report of his intending to join the Fleet,
fitting out against M. Antony, the year of Rome 723.*

Among First-Rates will you, my Friend,
Ventrous the feeble Yatch ascend ?
Into the thickest danger hast ;
Mæcenas covering Cæsar's breast ?
While I, who live if you are safe,
If not depriv'd my better half,
Must wait, as you award, and bear
Indolent life, not ease sincere ;
Nor jointly thro' each peril press,
With prompt and manly hardiness ?
I will----and trace you from the Po
To Caucasus, and all its snow :
Or to the limits of the West
Follow my Friend with fearless breast.
You ask ----
What aid an Invalid can give,
Which of your toils I shall relieve ?
Attendant I divide my care,
While Absence doubles every fear.
The Mother-Bird sits, day and night,
To hide her younglings from the Kite ;

D

Scarce

Scarce hoping, if the Foe should come,
 Her presence would prevent their doom.
 And shall not I your danger share
 In this, and every other War?
 No purpose, when our toil is done,
 Of setting up my Chaise and one.
 Or rearing Herds to drive away,
 And change the grounds, to spare my Hay.
 A Team of Oxen all my store;
 One Mansion-Farm----but stucco'd o'er
 By your advice;--- and were I King,
 I scarce should add another Wing.
 All this, and very much beside,
 Your ceaseless Bounty has supply'd.
 I am rich enough, and have to spare ----
 Pass but away my present care!
 Nor much inclin'd to heap and hoard;
 Nor melt my Substance like a Lord.

A few Observations.

The true Character of this Piece arises from the
 flow of sincere Affection Horace expresses in it to
 Mæcenas; which is therefore kept in sight all along;
 and renewed again at the Close. Many Editions,
 amazing

amazing as it is, open this Ode without the Interrogation ; particularly the Cambridge Editors, who do not allow it a place, even among various Readings ; to whom I am sorry to add Monf. Dacier. Nevertheless, whoever displace it, plainly destroy all the Grace and Spirit of Horace's Address. One might safely appeal for the difference between

Mæcenâs, you will go,
As Monf. Dacier bluntly renders it ; and
Will my Friend go ?

as Horace certainly wrote it. Here is likewise another inaccuracy. Horace says, Will my Friend go ? and then, at the next step, gives us the name, in contrast to that of Cæsar. M. Dacier immediately brings forward the Name ; while others join it to the Appellative *Amice* : and none are sufficiently aware of Horace's matchless skill, and exactness upon all occasions. Further ;

The Distributors of the Odes according to Chronology, after *Ibis Liburnis* place *Quando, ô, repostum ?* but they have not discovered, any one of them, that the latter piece is one continued strain of Irony ! worked up by Horace to an amazing pitch ; and letting

ting us into the Secret. How very freely the Prime-Minister, and the Secretary of the Muses treated the Mighty Emperor in private and betwixt themselves. This is little understood, but a good deal might be said upon it.

The report of what Mæcenas *intended*, is given above as *the Title to the Piece* : And the secret aim of it throughout, I think, is to *dissuade* him from embarking. Those I would clear ; but in few words as I can contrive.

Mæcenas certainly knew Horace's manner of shading. Mæcenas certainly knew the meaning of that much-mistaken line,

Docte sermones utriusque linguæ.

Dacier, and Bentley and Sanadon talk upon it with a gravity would make you split : while all that Horace intends by it is, “ You are used to my *covert Envelopes* ; you are well : read in my *Second Senses*, “ Docte sermones *utriusque linguæ*, ” and upon another occasion he calls himself Canusinus *bilinguis*. With this light upon the piece we are considering, it is plain Mæcenas understands Horace, as saying to him, “ Pray,
“ Sir,

“ Sir, what is this Fray to you? In the name of Fortune let him go by himself. Anthony aims at *Him*, and Rome can better spare Cæsar than Mæcenas. Indeed it little concerns either you or me, Sir, which of these two Worthies is to be our Master.” Hence the sober word *jussi* becomes observable. Horace was earnest, to be sure, to go aboard this Fleet; but unluckily was under orders to stay at home.

A word more upon the line, twice recited above. It is taken from as sportive an Ode as any in all Horace; but the occasion of that Ode is its chief curiosity. Horace had kept some anniversary or other among his old Friends, the Pompejans, and what does he do? Why he informs the Governor of the City of the matter; and makes him his confident and confessor upon the occasion; but Horace knew, that Mæcenas also was a Pompeian, as the Hostler said, Maister is a Yorkshire man too.

Such is the Spirit of Horace, and without it he is a dead letter. For the Translation above, I would observe, it contains but four lines more than the Original; and that it comprehends all Horace's Particulars,

E

or

or some equivalent for them ; and---but see, what you can find upon this piece, among the Commentators by Profession.

The Second Epode has been already mentioned in these Papers. What the Interpreters have said upon it, will be seen in a future note ; and why a fresh Version is given, after Mr. Cowley's : The chief present concern is, to get its new Title acknowledged.

Upon Pollio's retiring from Public Affairs.

The Second Epode..

Happy the Man, who at his ease,
Like the plain folk of Alfred's days,
Works his own Team, and Herriot-land ;
Sufficient cash at his command ;
Not early stirr'd by Fife and Drum,
Nor shipp'd the Baltic deep to roam ;
Keeps from the noisy Hall away,
And never crowds a Levee-day.

Better employ'd to tend his vine ;

The

The tangled branches to untwine ;
 Remove a sickly shoot, and lead
 A kindlier bearing in its stead.
 ---Or sauntering down his sloping mead,
 Walks round the Cattle, as they feed;
 Officiates, when the Honey's jarr'd ;
 Seeks a hurt Ewe, and sees her tarr'd ;
 Or when the rows are streak'd with red,
 And Autumn lifts his golden head,
 Unloads, with glee, the peach, and plum ;
 And sends his lower neighbours some :
 Offering, in mind, his chosen Fruit
 To Providence, who guards his Plott.
 Now too, he longs his limbs to lay
 Under the Plantain all the day :
 Lull'd by the Chirper's numerous call ;
 Or listening to a Waterfall.

Not so, when early frosts and rain,
 And Winter desolate the plain ;
 Then he hunts down the stricken Deer ;
 Then rouses up the dangerous Bear ;
 Opens his Woodcock-Road on high ;
 Visits the Wild-ducks, and Decoy :

While

While pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
If he can make the Heath-polt prize.

Indifferent He, or quite above
The pangs of mischief-making Love.
But if the plight his Wedded faith,
And take---tho' scarce a Wife of Bath---
A Partner of his joys and cares,
Who minds the Family-Affairs;
As Emma true, or Geraldine
And not a bit too good to spin:
Looks how the servant folks go on,
The cattle pen'd, the milking done:
Busy, while he fatigues abroad;
And meets him coming on the road;
Stirs up a blaze, and springs to fire
Her latest cask of Clary-Wine:
And with a frugal skill improves
The savoury meat, she knows he loves.

Not early Salmon from the West,
Not Turtle at a Creole's feast,
Nor Sturgeon, when the tempests bring,
The City's offering to their King,

Not

My simple hunger can appease,
Like Beet, or cooling Water-cress ;
Or a Spring-Lamb, when Lambs abound ;
Or Faun, half-worried by a Hound.

How pleasing thus to feast, and view
The Cattle scampering to the Mow !
Others with heavy tread draw near,
Trailing the inverted Plough and Share :
And then---the folk in clean attire,
Settled, or swarming o'er the Fire.

All this---and more, the other day
I overheard a Scrivener say ;
Determin'd now, and quite a-fire
To turn at once a Country-Squire.
---But stept to Lloyd's, to take a look.
There chang'd his Sola-Bills for Stock ;
And fold, before he left the house,
For Three per Cents his Putney Close.

It is remarkable, I think, that no one hitherto hath enquired, *What it was, that gave occasion to the Second Epode?* The Interpreters, most of them, suppose

suppose Horace gravely sitting down to indite

Laudes vitæ rusticæ,

according to their most Gothic Tittle; which even Mr. Cuninghame has retained. Monsr. Dacier takes the four last lines for his guide thro' the Piece; whom Père Sanadon follows, blindfold: while Mr. Cowley sinks those lines entirely. I can imagine an ordinary occurrence in publick Life to have set Horace's fine pen a flowing. Some Roman of eminence, (I believe it was *Pollio) retiring from Business; quitting the Courts, and the Senate, and the Palace; leaving the Ins and the Outs to breath calmly in the country. From such an Incident to raise so fine a Scenery; enriching it with a Succession of the most pleasing Images, and finishing his piece with an unexpected stroke of gaiety, ---this was worthy Horace; and this he has executed: I would offer a word or two upon some of the Passages.

Maritatio

* My reasons for this, arise from four of the lines, at the opening of the Ode--- which seem indeed general, yet apply particularly to Pollio. To shew this, would lead too far: as it must first be settled, *What is the real Subject of Motum ex Metello?* In truth, I suppose both the Pollios, of Horace and Virgil, may even yet bear a Review.

Maritatio is an old method of *grafting* : and it would be easy to talk learnedly upon that point. However, I only observe, that *Maritat*, in this place of Horace, is a mere term of Gardening, and nothing more. Not a word of Horace's forming, but used by him, as he found it in the Books. Had the word been Horace's own minting, more regard were due to it ; now it is changed for something easier and plainer : the method itself being out of practice.

This leads to another observation ; for *inferit* is also supposed here to mean *grafting*. It looks so like it, that it deceived Mr. Cowley ; and it is really so used by Virgil. Nevertheless, in this place it cannot signify grafting : It only means training the young shoots, to fill up the vacant Spaces of the decayed wood. If it signified grafting, it would be repetition, which is by no means Horace's manner. I only add, that *tondet* has no reference to the general Shearing ; it only intends a removal of the Wool to apply a Lini-ment ; as is plain by the word *infirmas*.

But *Advenam laqueo gruem* must not be past
by.

by. Here the Interpreters, from mere unskilfulness in Horace's Manner, mistake the very form, and construction of his words. They read, all of them, Captat laqueo gruem, *advenam*. Horace wrote Captat gruem, *advenam laqueo*. He translates the word *Advena* from its primary Signification; yet not excluding that Sense, by a fine turn, makes it signify The Adventurer to the Snare,

Advenam laqueo.

This is in Horace's very best manner! all that a Translation could do, was to aim at an Equivalent; or to suppose that by *Gruem*, Horace meant *Growse*;--- but see Willoughby, and Others.

This reminds me of *tenaci gramine*, where I have got Mr. Waller to answer, and of another, hitherto unnoticed passage, *positosque Vernas*; of which I have preserved as much as I could; yet not half its real propriety and true import. But of these I have said more in a former paper.

But

But having, more than once, mention'd Mr. Cowley, I cannot help declaring his Version of the 2d Epode to be but indifferent. He is particularly deficient, in not finishing the several parts with due exactness: contenting himself with executing a general Draught of the perfect Original; and thereby injuring Horace. He likewise cuts off the Close of the piece: perhaps as not suiting his particular purpose; and possibly as not perceiving the perpetual Vein of Humour, which is Horace's Peculiar. On the contrary I have tried to open that part, and have enlarged it; following the lead and light of Horace, whithersoever it directed. A City-Conveyancer, caught by the Buzz of Lloyd's Coffee-house, would have made Horace smile; and Hogarth fumble for his Sketching Tables:---But to have done.

If I might venture to recommend Three Rules for this part of Horace's Writings, they should be the following. *To a Reader*, always to remember, That more is meant than meets the ear. *To a Translator*, always to watch, and to preserve Horace's Transitions. *To an Interpreter*, never to be very serious upon Horace's Odes.

G

And

And now, one grave sentence to wind up this part.
I met it in Laertius ; a Saying of Heraclitus upon
the Delphic Oracle, now first applied, I think, to
Horace's Lyric Poetry,

ἽΟυτε λέγει, ἽΟυτε κρύπτει, ἀλλὰ σημαίνει or thus,

He does not say all he means ; He does not conceal
what he means ; but he shades his meanings.

THE

T H E
T H I R D P A P E R.

Vive là Bagatelle !

AFTER Horace's State-Friends, we find place for Horace's Favourites ; not the whole Suite, (they are numerous as Sir Peter Lely's Beauties) but just one Sortment of them, his *Lalage*, and his *Asterie* : and merely to try, if he does not talk to them, as civilly as any Silk-weaver or Mercer of them all.

His *Lalage* indeed, like the Eastern *Fatima*, seems superior to all Translation. One passage however in that Piece, unheeded by his Interpreters, inclined me to venture it. Not one of them has entered into the true spirit of the Fourth Stanza. It appears plainly a stroke of Raillery upon himself. Horace was not the most valorous Knight of his times ; and in his fright might take a Wolf for a Bear. A new light thrown in here, if it be a new one, is all that is pretended to in the following Version.

XXII^a.

The breast where truth and worth reside,
Whose inmost folds no foulness hide,
Wants not, my friend, a shield and spear,
Nor need envenom'd arrows fear.

Whether by fate its owner strays
Thro' shelving freights and foaming seas ;
Or climb up Athos' hoary brows ;
Or stoop, where hasty Tigris flows.

For lately, as I mist my way,
Turning a Song to Lalage,
But just above the Sabine Farm,
A Wolf shot by, and did not harm.

'Twas something tho' ; it made me stare ;
Thinks I --- the Devil take this Bear ;
And to say true, my mind run on
Lions, and Boars of Calydon.

Well,

Well ! come what will, I am resign'd ;
 Ship me before a Western Wind,
 To where Spitzbergen's horrid coast
 Is chain'd in everlasting frost :

Or send me out an India-Mate,
 Without a tent, to hot Surat :
 Into which-ever Sphere I rove,
 Still Lalage shall be my Love.

Yes Lalage, of witching smile,
 And winning speech, shall rule my will,
 And warm my sense in every Soil.

The Ode to Asterie is a true Seaport Piece. Its subject is a Betrothment ; no uncommon circumstance in such situations, and frequently the cause of real distress. The Opening is manifest Irony ; begging Her not to grieve so much for one, She was plainly injuring : but the meaning of the whole is manly and serious advice. Asterie was certainly a Favourite of Horace's ; no doubt he knew her Family ; and was concerned for her reputation. He had heard of a false step She

H

was

was taking, and warns her of her danger ; naming the very person ; which She little expected. She was only betrothed, or he would have treated her with more severity ; now, after laughing at her, and alarming her Jealousy, he gives her the most friendly counsel ; intreats her to beware of giving way to so very near a mischief : Her own true mate was on the return ; and it concerned her to shut out all sort of reproach ; which she would surely meet with from her warmest Friends, and well-wishers.

VII^{ma}. III^{tij}.

Nay, good Asterie, never mourn,
The faithful Gyges will return ;
Early the favouring gales of spring
Gyges, and all his gifts, will bring.

Now by autumnal tempests tost,
Embay'd perhaps on Pyrrhus' coast ;
You, and the rigorous nights, deny
To calm his grief, or close his eye.

And

And yet, if soothing might avail,
His Hostess plies him with a tale
Of some fair Greek---who doats and dies
For him---and mingles threats with lies.

How Prætus' Consort push'd him on
To sacrifice Bellerophon ;
Whose suit the sober youth abhor'd,
---False and forgetful of her Lord.

How Peleus scarce'y scap'd with life,
Who disoblig'd Acastus' wife :
Nor Helen's story leaves untold.
The tempting Female trips of old.

In vain---regardless as a Stone
He hears---and still is all your own.
---Meantime, it much concerns your fame
To guard against Enipeus' flame.

However graceful he is seen
To guide his courser o'er the green ;
However bold to plunge, and cleave
The Tuscan Tiber's yielding wave ;

Yet

Yet shut betimes your outer-gate,
 Nor listen to his evening chat :
 And, twenty times tho' call'd a Prude,
 Remember Gyges, and be good.

Afterie was purposely reserved by me, to bear her testimony to the chearful Wisdom, and Worth, of her charming Friend and Adviser. Horace's very brightest colour is his fine mixture of grave and gay. Soft by nature as the good Emperor Aurelius, or the blessed St. James ; severe in due place like † *the amiable Dean*, or *his Friend*, the single Poet of our Age ; a Sample of as clear a Probity united to as fine an Understanding as mere human Nature perhaps ever produced.

† See Dean Swift's Letters, and the amiable Dean in Pamela, and Miss Byron's Guardian, &c. &c. &c. For his Friend, see the Post-script.

POSTSCRIPT.

A Word or two more, merely to say, the preceding Papers are, in my esteem, hay and stubble; amusements to fill up our space; and permitted by the blessed Being to smoothe our passage. Works of a different sort, I could say, have had my time--- now run out; attended to with a care, by no means due to any secular Writer whatever.

Indeed my single aim in *a former Publication*, was to lead others, if I might, into the notice of a truth I am clearly convinced of --- That the latest and most finished pieces of Mr. *Pope* were so many several drawings of Religion, planned from Revelation; and my only present intent in gathering up, out of many, these thoughts upon the Roman Writer, is to take occasion

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to

to renew some former Thoughts, of much more concern, upon our English Writer; to remove the nominal veil yet spread over him; and to remind the public, but with great deference, that of all the Works of our days, and upon all accounts, *The Death of Abel, the Messiah and Noab*, with *Pamela, Clarissa*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*, best deserve the Public's attention, and highest esteem.

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